



A FEW WORDS FROM THE GENERAL MANAGER.

by Kali "Dada" Akuno

COMMUNITY RADIO OR CHAOS?

Put KDVS in that equation and what you get is both (let's call it Radio Chaos). Exemplified in this here program guide is the best in music programming, and a growing interest in the local and Global community interests. As you all know, KDVS has always provided the local area with the cutting edge of alternative music, particularly in the field of rock. Over the past year and a half KDVS has exploded with a diversity of music programming. Now our listening audience can keep their dials tuned to 90.3 fm and receive a basic education about the world and its various cultures through music.

As a community outlet it is important that KDVS do its best in educating and serving the community. The diversity of our music programming is just the first step in this effort. This upcoming year you, the listener, can expect to here more news coverage and more public affairs programming. Unfortunately, KDVS has the responsibility of filling in the gap left by the

negation of over 20 years of U.C. Davis history. The Third World Forum, the campus voice of diversity, was canceled from ASUCD funding in the spring of 1993. With it was lost the representative voice of more than nine tenths of the world's people. Although KDVS is a different medium than the Third World Forum, I plan to give power to those silenced voices through extensive international and world news coverage, and a host of Public Affairs programming the likes of which this area has never witnessed.

This year is dedicated to making KDVS alternative, in every sense of the word. As it presently stands, KDVS is a hidden treasure, a virtual oasis in a vast wasteland of commercial radio. This uniqueness and integrity will be upheld at all costs, only now there will be a new twist. This year we are planning to go way, way out there, past the limits of perception (if it's at all possible)!

In order not to make this a long, drawn out excursion of management, I end with this statement: Tune in. Learn! And I'll get back to you in four months.



90.3 FM
KDVS--
Get your fix, man!

ALL LAYOUT &
GRAPHIX BY:
REYAZ SACHAROFF,
BLAIR SHEHAN &
MARTIN BUZAK



TUNING IN TO 5000 WATTS

So you're getting the wonderfully weird music we broadcast, along with more noise than you can stand. Suddenly you realize that the noise is due to bad reception and not KDVS programming. Well there is something you can do to improve the situation— just help your antenna.

Perhaps the most overlooked item in anyone's receiver is the antenna, even though it is the most critical item for clear radio reception and sucking in KDVS' signal whole and pure. Here are a few hints which should help you help your receiver.

The simplest antenna set up, especially for dorm and apartment living, is the dipole or T antenna. Most receivers come with one, but they're cheap if you need to buy one. After connecting the leads to your receiver or tuner, tack up the fully extended antenna perpendicular to the station you want to receive. If you live in Sacramento, the ends should run

North-South. If you live in Davis, just aim the antenna towards campus and the Memorial Union where the transmitter is located.

If this fails, try some TV rabbit ears. They are relatively cheap too and do surprisingly well. They also work best when perpendicular to the transmitter, but sometimes you might need to move them around. Rabbit ears can be used for your TV, too, but get a splitter (available at any electronics store). Otherwise neither the radio nor TV will come in well.

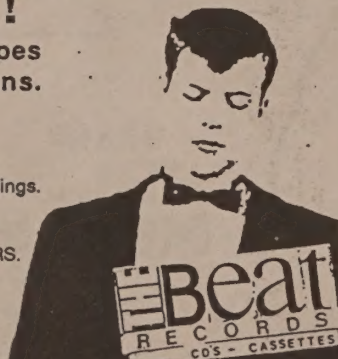
If you live in a place where you can put an antenna on the roof, invest. This might be a little costly, but its worth it if you live out of town. Be sure to align the antenna with the axis pointing toward campus and you should get much better reception. If none of the suggestions work for you, get creative and try something unusual. I once found that the best antenna for receiving KDVS from 30 miles away was a twenty foot wire strung along the roof. So try anything. It might work even if theory predicts otherwise.

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Top Ten Reasons for Tuning in to KDVS:

10. Serve as a backup for the alarm clock in the morning.
9. Drown out Rush Limbaugh coming from your roommate's stereo.
8. Check for satanic messages in the public service announcements.
7. So that you can listen to Bashful Ben and have something to share with your skateboarding buddies.
6. The tuner is broke and permanently stuck on 90.3.
5. Have music for 3 a.m. aerobic workouts.
4. Fulfill assignments for outside listening in Survey of Music class.
3. Listen to the morning traffic report before bicycling to school.
2. Tape Joe Frank episodes for your grandmother.
1. You haven't cleaned your ears in awhile & can't tell the difference.



"Whoa, MAD!": A Sunday of Sensory Overload

by Jeffrey Fekete

"Get there early."

That seemed to be the consensus among everyone we knew headed to the World of Music, Arts and Dance (WOMAD) festival September 19th at San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. While the WOMAD series took 11 years to get to North America, the ambitious WOMAD organization founded by Peter Gabriel had already staged over 60 festivals in a dozen or more countries with artists from 90 nations. This would turn out to be the largest WOMAD event ever. Best of all, the mega-lineup including Gabriel, Ziggy Marley, Crowded House, Stereo MCs, Jah Wobble, and last minute addition Sinéad O'Connor, was just a 10 buck ticket. Chump change in the inflated concert market.

Anticipating history is a tall order even when fully awake. Still bleary-eyed but fueled with coffee and pancakes, we manage to grab coveted free street parking at 9 AM a mere two blocks from the park. No sooner after spilling out on the sidewalk, we're passed by a car full of screeching revelers. I cringe. My Sunday morning biorhythm wave pattern still is geared towards sleeping in or being a 49er couch potato. However as the sun warms me, we join the procession towards the Polo Fields and an adrenaline rush kicks in.

"Yesterday it was 65,000 and ramping up," an event staffer says to his partner as he scurries up the path. 100,000 plus are expected. I picture us all flying off a ramp into some BASS computer generated abyss. Our first of many encounters with large numbers of humanity is just beyond some trees. A natural fiber snake of paisley tie-dye cotton, flannel, and denim is spread over the asphalt path leading to an entrance. Peter Gabriel's "Big Time" blares from an open car window.

"Ganga brownies! Three dollars each, two for five..."

The group just ahead of us in line partake and vouch for the authenticity of the advertising claim.

Another freelance pitchman has fifteen dollar WOMAD t-shirts.

"They're twenty-two inside", he assures me. But his streetwise radar picks up a laminated official staff badge approaching at 20 yards and he lays low.

As the line inches forward, we join a trickle of brave souls taking an adventurous short cut down a steep wooded hillside. Wish I had brought my jungle hiking boots, but the payoff is a clear grove leading to a much faster moving second line straight in the festival.

Our strategy to meet two separate groups of friends we know are also in attendance is failing miserably. Using the Ben and Jerry's "Ice Cream Action" booths as reference points proves worthless as both sites are deluged. Turns out Ben and Jerry are rewarding completion of a postcard to elected officials with a free ice cream. Two shirtless youths meander by grasping licked clean sticks and a new found social consciousness.

"We VOTED, man!" Apathy gets a sugar fix.

The sweet, hypnotic voice of Sheila Chandra with invisible, dreamy synth accompaniment drifts over the field attracting respectful attention of early arrivals. Dressed in traditional Indian garb and kneeling before the microphone, Chandra has turned Stage 2 into a Sunday morning mass of sorts. Some guiding force must be at work because as we make our way through the thickening crowd and clear across the field, we randomly bump into our Bay Area contingent.

They've staked out a spot some thirty yards in front of Stage 1...the main stage. We join them to watch the Drummers of Burundi. For the first of many times that day I congratulate myself for having brought binoculars. Even from this vantage point, the stage is a long way off. As fifteen players parade out with drums resembling giant redwood tree stumps balanced on their heads, my neck hurts. Working in almost eerie unison, this African drumming ensemble achieves some kind of percussion mind meld.

As good as the main stage entertainment is, WOMAD's promise of multiple and simultaneous attractions lures us towards exploration. We bid what we think is a temporary farewell to the picnic blanket group.

Blankets and coolers have sprouted everywhere.

"Excuse me, pardon me, 'cuse me, sorry, shit!, pardon me..."

A labyrinth of food and vendor booths pull like magnets and act as human flesh compressors. If this is one world togetherness, I want no part of it. Despite high tech sponsors like Apple and Phillips Interactive, the festival layout is not very user-friendly.

The early afternoon becomes a series of purposeful quests. I'm first just thinking, "liquid now, food later". However, after nudging ahead for thirty minutes towards one of the blander concessionaire trucks, I opt for efficiency. I've already listened to all of John Trudell's set while watching a pair of shoulder blades inch forward. With full lunch in hand, we find a patch of grass and flop down just as Stage 2 goes into set changeover.

"I don't care if I dehydrate, I'm not having anything else to drink if

I have to get in this line again.", a thirtysomething woman laments.

"I'd rather pay twelve bucks and have more toilets", her friend answers.

From the portapotty line, I can make out TriSan's drummer with my binoculars.

I'm delighted by another chance encounter...this time near Stage 3.

Our Sacramento friends have also discovered navigation along a side path behind the vendor booths is considerably easier than on the field. As experienced local concert promoters themselves, they give professional validation to my suspicion that certain logistics here, well...suck.

continued on page 13

WOMAD!

WORLD OF MUSIC, ARTS, AND DANCE

FEATURING LIVE PERFORMANCES BY

PETER GABRIEL

PM DAWN

ZIGGY & THE MELODY MARLEY MAKERS

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KDVS: Why am I Here (or, Why AM I Here?)

by Ben Bruening

I am a KDVSer because of a mail-order, four-record set put out by the Longines Symphonette Society called *Remember the Golden Days of Radio?* Jack Benny narrated this collection of excerpts from radio dramas, comedies, and new programs from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s. Until the age of eight, when I first heard excerpts from *Fibber McGee & Molly*, *Bums & Allen*, and *The Shadow* on those records, radio had meant nothing to me. At the time, we did not even have a working radio in the house. We had an FM tuner, but that had burned out the previous year. I played those records to death and probably made my mother sorry she ever ordered them. Imagine my disappointment when I found out that Jack Benny and Fred Allen and George and Gracie had been off the air for twenty years before I had ever heard of them. By the time I discovered radio, it was little more than a glorified jukebox.

In the early and mid 1970s, there were several specials devoted to those "Golden Days of Radio", but they, like the Longines Symphonette Society, played only highlights from programs rather than entire shows. For a short time in 1973 or 1974, however, someone played Old Time Radio programs on KDVS on Wednesday evenings; that is, in fact, how I first heard of the station. Unfortunately for me, like most KDVS personnel, that someone had the nerve to graduate and disappear.

In 1976, someone told me that KSFO in San Francisco played old time radio programs every night at 8 p.m. I spent my high school years taping the *Jack Benny Program*, *Bums and Allen*, *Fibber McGee and Molly*, *Philco Radio Time*, *Suspense*, *Escape*, and other programs off that station, AM whistle and all, onto cheap, three-for-a-dollar cassettes that would break on the seventh playback. Eventually, I started listening to KSFO during other parts of the day. In the mornings, I would listen to Gene Nelson (still my favorite radio personality), whose humor made me realize that a disk jockey show need not be dull. Hearing him made think I would like to try disk jockeying myself. On Saturday evenings, I would listen to a program called "Sinatra and Friends", where I first heard Joe Williams, Carmen McRae, Anita O'Day, Johnny Hartman, and other singers that I still play on KDVS today. My taste in music and air personalities comes from listening to KSFO's format of the late 1970s and early 1980s.

It took me four years to work up enough courage to walk into KDVS to inquire just how one went about getting on the air. Countless times, I walked through Lower Freeborn Hall, meaning to go through KDVS's double doors, but I just couldn't bring myself to do it. (I could imagine the surly program director snarling, "Sorry, you just won't fit in around here.") I finally walking in two weeks after graduating from UCD, left my name with Jeff Yih (KDVS Program Director, 1984-1985), got trained shortly thereafter, and did my first solo show on July 29, 1984.

KDVS disk jockeys start their broadcasting careers with a 3-6 a.m. time slot so that only their mothers and cat burglars can hear their first ninety-seven on-air mistakes. I began my KDVS career by speaking into the wrong end of the microphone (this was back in the days when the studio mike looked like a Nerf cold capsule). When my mother called me during the show, I was so fatigued that I did not even recognize her voice. Not only that; I continually had problems getting the next record cued before the previous record ended. I ran out of records with half an hour to go, and while running around trying to find something else to play, I saw a campus police officer letting Aliane Maxwell-Johnson into the station. I had been so panicked and so punchy from having stayed up all night that I did not notice the phone lighting up from Aliane trying to call to ask me to let her in to get ready for her gospel program. I was too tired to be embarrassed. I have done some four hundred fifty programs since then, most of which have gone more smoothly than the first one.

Like many shy people, I am a closet performer. That is, there is a part of me that would like to be an entertainer, but I am so afraid of rejection that I would never dare put myself in front of an audience. On radio, however, I get to perform in, well, a large record closet. I do not suffer from stage fright because I do not have to face an audience directly. I simply talk to myself while the audience (if there is one) eavesdrops. When I cannot think of anything more to say, I push a button and let professional entertainers take over for three or four minutes. Once a week on KDVS, I get the chance to pretend to be a star.

The Mothership Connection Hosted by Kali "Dada" Akuno

Yes!

The Mothership Connection is back for another landing.

This year we're embarking on a new course. Education through music is still our prime objective, but now you can also expect more education through discussion. Beginning at 11:30 p.m., I will hold an open public discussion, speaking on the issues that affect us as individuals and as a world community. Expanse and symmetry are my central objectives.

Expanse is filling the void created by ignorance and lack of understanding.

Symmetry is finding balance in our thoughts and actions.

We must all help fulfill our duties in making this changing world a more just place. Help me in my effort by tuning in every other Monday night from 10 p.m. to midnight. Let's make this a responsible community outlet.

A tentative schedule for this quarter's programming is as follows:

- Oct. 18 - "The Universal Language"
Sacred drumming from around the Earth.
- Nov. 1 - "The New World Revisited"
Africa's contribution to the new world.
- Nov. 15 - "God (s/es) Many Tongues"
Sacred music from around the world.
- Nov. 29 - "Space is the Place"
Music of the spheres.
- Dec. 13 - "All in One"
A woman's tale.

Remember, "One good thing about music, when it hits you feel no pain." -Robert N. Marley.
Peace be unto you, in any language. -Kali.

KDVS Request Line 752-2777
Business Office 752-0728
mail all correspondence to
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95616

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3. The defiant and constitutionally moot **Burning Flag/ Burning Dollar Shirt** (provocative, especially in redneck bars)--\$12

To get one, come down to KDVS during business hours, or send cash, check or money order to: KDVS, 14 Lower Freeborn, Davis, Ca., 95616, and tell 'em Bob sent ya'.

Notes From UnderFreeborn
by martin buzak

A stuffy Spring day. Whole Earth Festival 1993, and me all upset with people and things.

I was sick. And then I found KDVS.

I came to 14 Lower Freeborn consciously seeking some direction. A good deal of my involvement with the station came from a feeling of being misplaced wherever I was. And so I stumbled down the steps and said to them, "Hello. I want to be a DJ" and they said to me: "Hello, OK." It's amazing how much music there is down here, and how much you can learn from it. From Chemlab to Rachmaninoff, from Prince Buster to Billie Holiday to Knapsack: KDVS is the epitome of truly alternative radio. Where else near Davis can you hear a segue between Sebadoh and Charlie Parker that leads you gently into Laibach?

But that's the beauty of a place like this. Minimize the formatting, maximize the enjoyment.

I've been here for two splendiferous quarters now, and in that time I've learned a few things. I've learned that we are none of us above the intricacies of human behavior. (This was a blow to me.) I've learned that sex can mean absolutely nothing except fun and that there's no sense in us being all dead babies about it, because the world will take care of itself, and of us. That to ride, to be ridden, to go on a ride, or to be taken for a ride: it's all part of one big exquisite road trip and there's no reason whatever to slow down. That sometimes all you have to do is ask. That "Good Luck!"s and "Have a Nice Day!"s aren't an offense at all, but a defense. I've learned that I hate outwardly affluent people who try to bum change on Davis Summertime streets.

I've found that you shouldn't hate sex, even if you *are* getting it and enduring post-coital tears. That pornography is no way to spend a salamander evening, waiting for dawn to explode green. And if you're going to be sad, be sad; and if you're going to be happy, be happy, but for God's sake don't be wishy-washy about it. Shy and Awkward tend to lose their endearing appeal rather quickly. That making smiles and exposing shoulders stupid just doesn't have that desired effect sometimes, that A-to-B, that direct intensity. But time heals nurses even.

I've learned that with our collective gyre there are small everyday things that must be dealt with and treasured. And I've discovered a great new way to lose weight: A cigarette for breakfast, another for lunch, and a sensible dinner of coffee and a cigarette. Even delicious cigarettes as snacks. Chow on that for a Summer and you'll lose yourself ten pounds of valuable muscle. Guaranteed.

And I've discovered that there is a difference between basic morals and basic emotions, and that you should never equate the two.

Some of these things I've learned within the walls of KDVS, and some without.

You can come here too, you know, and learn something. Just bring open minds and ears. Be prepared to hear a shitload of stuff you may've never heard before. But everyone finds something to enjoy down here, and everyone learns a thing or two.

That's the beauty of a place like this.

American Roots Music from Lubbock to Lexington Avenue: New Folk Releases by Loudon Wainwright III and Terry Allen

by Peter Schiffman

If you like exploring roots music, please don't limit your investigations solely to that from far flung places like Madagascar or Kazakhstan. I know many Americans who think that regions of their own country, like west Texas and New York City, are just as bizarre and alien to them. And having lived in both of those places, I'd have to agree with them.

Roots are where you find them. Songwriter Loudon Wainwright III's just happen to be in the affluent northern suburbs of New York City. He doesn't try to hide or deny them. As the words to his "Westchester County" go, "I don't mean to boast, but we were richer than most, and I swam in the country club pool".

Most people know Wainwright's one "hit": the song about the "dead skunk in the middle of the road". Ironically, that song, some twenty years old, is entirely unrepresentative of his collective body of work. For since that one and only hit single, Wainwright has put out album after album, consistently winning the praise of music critics, but existing, in his own words, "on the periphery" of the music industry.

Wainwright's new release "Career Moves" (Virgin) is a live album featuring 24 tracks, many from his previous recordings. But unlike those studio recordings, the live album captures this New Yorker at his best: working a small club audience with only his guitar and his wits. As usual, there is plenty of social satire and plenty of pathos (i.e., the white collar blues): songs about sex ("He Said, She Said"), about divorce ("Unhappy Anniversary"), holidays ("Suddenly It's Christmas" and "Thanksgiving"), and broken families ("Your Mother and I") as well as broken relationships ("I'm Alright" and "I'd Rather Be Lonely"). If you were a Ukrainian and wanted to learn about the especially dysfunctional aspects of modern, American society, you could easily go to school on Wainwright's new album.

Now Texas roots music is something entirely different. Your average Ukrainian wouldn't have a hard time understanding Conjunto music: after all, accordion-based polka music isn't indigenous to the Lone Star State. But Lubbock's Terry Allen is, and his brand of Texas roots music isn't like anything they've probably heard back in the old country. Allen's perspective on Texas cultural identity is personified in the "red neck" way of life.

Music is but one part of Terry Allen's bag of tricks. Allen has taught fine art at the university level and his objects d'art are exhibited widely. One of his pieces, a pair of sculpted trees, was recently featured on CBS' "Sunday Morning" show. The trees, one of which "sings" red neck country music, are on exhibit at UCSD.

Allen's musical output has been sporadic, and not nearly as consistent as Wainwright's. "Lubbock on Everything" (1979) is probably his best known work, featuring Allen on vocals and keyboards accompanied by his Panhandle Mystery Band featuring pedal steel ace Lloyd Maines. Now, after a hiatus of several years, Fate Records has released two new CD's featuring various Terry Allen

projects, dating mostly from the mid-80's.

"Pedal Steel" is the more interesting album from a cultural perspective, although "Silent Majority" is worth purchasing for the cover photo featuring Allen and Nancy Reagan. The title track of "Pedal Steel" is a 35 minute, conceptual performance piece, originally commissioned as a soundtrack for the Margaret Jenkins Dance Company of San Francisco, which premiered at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's "New Wave Festival" in October of 1985. "Pedal Steel", which features music and various recitation by Allen, his wife Jo Harvey Allen, and fellow Lubbockite Butch Hancock, is decidedly new wave by country music standards. Allen's emphasis, as always, is creating quotidian portraits of redneck culture: white trash couples trysting in flea-bag motel rooms, housewives gossiping on the porches of their mobile homes out on the dust-blown plains of the Panhandle. And it's all done, as Allen puts it, in his unique style of Texas avant "g'art". But like Wainwright's work, it's a brand of American roots music, one in which tongue has been firmly planted in cheek.

Joe Frank

Joe Frank "Work in Progress" is a weekly radio drama program airing Saturday nights from 11 to 12am and rebroadcast Wednesdays 9 to 10pm. "Work in Progress" is an unusual assemblage of monologue and ensemble dramatic pieces. The programs are dominated by Mr. Frank's offbeat philosophical observations, based around absurd situations, wry satire, black comedy and a disturbingly keen focus on the surreal folly of various human frailties. KDVS' broadcasts of Joe Frank "Work in Progress" are made possible by our listeners support and with the cooperation of KCRW Santa Monica. A schedule of upcoming programs follows. Schedule subject to change without notice; listen to "Work in Progress" for the latest updates.

M=Monologue D=Drama

OCTOBER	9 and 13 - Let Me Not Dream m/d
	16 and 20 - Performer d
	23 and 27 - Stories For Nothing m
	30 and Nov.3 - Night Ride m/d
NOVEMBER	6 and 10 - Highways West m
	13 and 17 - A Call In the Night m/d
	20 and 24 - Policeman's Ball d
	27 and Dec.1 - Iceland I m
DECEMBER	4 and 8 - Iceland II m
	11 and 15 - Iceland III m
	18 and 22 - The Street d
	25 and 29 - Road To Hell m

Inquiries should be directed to: Joe Frank

KCRW
1900 Pico Blvd.
Santa Monica, Ca.
90405

Please mention KDVS in your correspondence.

KDVS Fall 1993 Schedule

MONDAY

mid - 3 am
Spiffy B
ROOTSMAN SKANKING
Roots & Dancehall Reggae
(alternating with)
Klingpin
MORE FUN WITH KRAMER
I'm Sooo Alternative!

3 am - 6 am
Grace
GAP GIRLS RULE
Belt It and Cinch It

6 am - 9 am
Tim Woodruff
REGGAE GOT SOUL
Roastfish, Collyweed, & Rudeboy

9 am - noon
Frem Hauspeter Hall
VITAL INTERCHANGE
Multi-faceted Rock, Etcetera

noon - 3 pm
World News
John Pickett
HOUSE YOU DOING?
The Latest House Music

3 pm - 5:30 pm
Young Kim
THE INFERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE
Intriguing Dissonant Mix

5:30 pm - 6 pm
Pacifica News

6 pm - 8 pm
Rich Blackmarr
ROCKIN' RHYTHM ARCHIVES
Rhythmic 'n' Blues and Jazz - Contemporaneous
(alternating with)
Marta Urvaseas
SPEAKING IN TONGUES
Jazz & Other Improvised Music

8 pm - 10 pm
KDVS Public Affairs

10 pm - mid
Kali "Dada" Alusano
THE MOTHERSHIP CONNECTION
African Diaspora Music
(alternating with)
Lemna
AS CLEAN AS MY CONSCIENCE
Tinkertoys and Transformers

TUESDAY

mid - 3 am
Ben, The Suave One
BLUE VELVET HIGHWAY
Scream and I'll Kill You
(alternating with)
Dave Curve
THE CUCKOO'S NEST
Alt. Rock, Reggae, & Whatever

3 am - 6 am
Jazzy Jal
BLACK TRAXX
Dancehall, Hip Hop & House

6 am - 9 am
The Dry Heaver
Pointed and Pointless

9 am - noon
(martin)
"NO! I AM NOT PRINCE HAMLET"
Joyce & Proust's Taxi Ride

noon - 3 pm
Alex K.
ANTS IN YOUR PANTS
Stay Put If You Can

3 pm - 5:30 pm
The Secret Goldfish
AFTER SCHOOL SPECIAL
Erotic, Neurotic, Organic

5:30 pm - 6 pm
Pacifica News

6 pm - 9 pm
Krista
INDUSTRIAL NOISE CONTROL
Brain to the Grindstone

9 pm - 10 pm
The Trivia Masters
Stumping Them is Hot Cake

10 pm - mid
K.P. Da Mambac Psycho
NO WEAK ISH PLEASE
Smooth Grooves
(alternating with)
Chief Xcel & Ada Brown
THE DONS
Rap

WEDNESDAY

mid - 3 am
Blue Note Boy
THE COOL YEARS
Hard-Bop, Be-Bop
(alternating with)
Rhymalinda
RAISE HIGH THE ROOF BEAM, LISTENERS
Jazz, an Introduction

3 am - 6 am
Scatter "E"
THE HARDEST OF THE HARDCORE
"Real" Rap Music

6 am - 9 am
Bill Wagman
MR WAGMAN'S NEIGHBORHOOD
Morning Becomes Eclectic

9 am - noon
D.J. Aaron
THE D.J. YOU LOVE TO HATE
Brit and American Indy

noon - 3 pm
World News
Mike Youker
CR TABLE FOR 10,000
Underground Rock

3 pm - 5:30 pm
Lackie Bladdur
URBAN SOFISTIKATZ SHOW
Eclectic

5:30 pm - 6 pm
Pacifica News

6 pm - 8 pm
Gary B.
VARIETY
(alternating with)
Geriatric
MURMURS FROM THE 4TH WORLD
International, Hard-Folk

8 pm - 9 pm
KDVS Public Affairs

9 pm - 10 pm
Joe Frank

10 pm - mid
Jaxxbo
DVS MOB'S LYRIC & BEAT JOINT
Hip-Hop

THURSDAY

mid - 3 am
Todd Urlick
GIANT TURDS
Punk, Hardcore, Alternative
(alternating with)
Hector Martinez
THE FUNKY HIP HOP SHOW
Hip-Hop

3 am - 6 am
Uncle Noah
THE UNCLE NOAH TV SHOW
Alternative Rock
(alternating with)
Jeff Glovan
PSYCHO FUDD SHOW
Thrash, Metal, !!!!

6 am - 9 am
Gil Medovey
CROSSING CONTINENTS
Indian & Middle Eastern

9 am - noon
Tommy Miles
ODDS & SODS
Folk-Influenced Anything!

noon - 3 pm
Julie
BLUE GRASS GIRLS ARE EASY
Blues & Blue Grass Variety

3 pm - 5:30 pm
Brian Ight
CINEMA PARADISO
Soundtracks, Free Will

5:30 pm - 6 pm
Pacifica News

6 pm - 8 pm
Aggie Talk
Sports Call-In Show

8 pm - 9 pm
KDVS Public Affairs

9 pm - 10 pm
The KDVS Top Ten

10 pm - mid
Live In Studio A
(alternating with)
Micah / Rick
BAHL HORNIN' & APPLEHEADS
Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, Brown

FRIDAY

mid - 3 am
Angel of Death
TRIPLE HOUR OF LUNACY
Punk, Metal, Thrash

3 am - 6 am
Prevaln Robinson

6 am - 9 am
The Mar Bar One
QUANTUM JAZZ MECHANICS
"Jazz" Sounds / Poetry
(alternating with)
Slim Gregory
GOOD MORNING BLUES
Blues

9 am - noon
Matt Kelly
NITROUS BURNING FUNNY CAR
It's Gonna Be War!
(alternating with)
Alleycat
LO-FI TAE KWON DO

noon - 3 pm
Greg
WHAT'S WRITTEN ON THE INSIDE
Music and Lyrics

3 pm - 5:30 pm
Tim Matranga
EPHEMERAL TRAILER TRASH ROUND-UP
Unnostalgification, Pt. 3

5:30 pm - 6 pm
Pacifica News

6 pm - 9 pm
Jeffrey Felate
TODAY'S ABERRATION TOMORROW'S FASHION
New and Unspoiled
(alternating with)
Pete
ANYTHING FUNKY
Tower of Power to Parliament Funkadelic

9 pm - mid
Rich Van Zandt
BALLADS, BLUES, AND BOP
Jazz - Old and New

SATURDAY

mid - 3 am
Pirate of the High Frequencies
1000 POINTS OF FRIGHT
Metal, Punk, Thrash

3 am - 6 am
Rav
THE LITTLE INDIAN THAT COULD
Hip-Hop Inclinations

6 am - 9 am
Youssef
REGGAE TO THE RESCUE
Reggae Music, African Music

9 am - noon
Hiram
SATURDAY MORNING FOLK SHOW
Folk, Acoustic, Eclectic
(alternating with)
Peter Schiffman
SATURDAY MORNING FOLK SHOW
Folk, Acoustic, Eclectic

noon - 3 pm
Steve Scott & Lucero Cabral
CANTO NUEVO Y TRADICION
Latino Political / Afro-Cuban

3 pm - 6 pm
Kirsten
MY HAPPY PLACE
NOT Forehead Bashing
(alternating with)
Unpredictable Female
EXPLORING MUSICAL REALMS
Acoustic Rhythms / Jazz

6 pm - 9 pm
Aggie Football
(post season)
Jojo Arcilla
3 YEARS LOST IN CONTRA COSTA
Every Show's Different

9 pm - mid
Rich Lasher - AKA The Evil One
EVIL ONE WITH SLIGHT RETURN
The Usual Load & Fast Crap
(alternating with)
Jeff McKnight
"ASHBY WANNABE"
Spazz Jazz Rock

SUNDAY

mid - 3 am
Janelle
MUSIC FOR EROGENOUS EARS
Aural Sex
(alternating with)
Max and Mike
TWO GEEKS PLAYING BAD MUSIC
Punk, Funk, Junk

3 am - 7 am
Lo Schmo and Mariah Pariah
PE PE LEPUE WILL FORMICATE YOU!!!
Loud Obnoxious Scheize!!

7 am - 8 am
(or maybe 9 am - 10 am... tune in and find out!)

8 am - 10 am
Allane Maxwell-Johnson & Bobby Henderson
SONGS OF PRAISE
Contemporary Gospel

8 am - 9 am
Bernard Benson
"IN FOCUS"
Solving Problems of Students and Community
in Light of Scripture

10 am - noon
Marcia Barabona
HORAS TROPICALES
Salsa - Merengue - Cumbia

noon - 2 pm
Rashful Ben
JAZZ SINGERS AND SCRATCHY RECORDS
American Popular Song

2 pm - 5 pm
Mindy Stewer
CROSS-CULTURAL CURRENTS
Reggae & African
(alternating with)
Gary B.
REGGAE, AFRICAN, VARIETY

5 pm - 8 pm
En Bandidd
LA DUDA XICAVIA
La Musica del Barrio

8 pm - 10 pm
Mehdi
TUMBLEWEED BLUES
Blues, Jazz, Old Country

10 pm - mid
Jim Thorn
THEMES AND DEVIATIONS
Nothing Remotely Cyber
(alternating with)
Karl Ikola
DONKEY EAR EXPRESS
Garage, Experimental

Why Radio Can Go Around the World

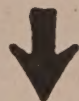
THE LEGEND OF GARY B. GUITAR

by Strings Attached

Down in Southern California, where the surf is nice and warm, Gary B. Guitar was born. These were the old days of Dick Dale's tribal thunder of a million guitar slinging surf bands. The Fab Four were knocking on the 60s' Doors of Perception, totally unknown to our beloved Singing Nun. Cool Latino cats were spicing up the charts with the jumpin' sounds of "Watermelon Man" and "El Watusi". Phil Spector's "Wall of Sound" almost engulfed every last blue note, but we dug it! Detroit City nearly busted Bobby Bare, but got us dancing in the streets during the heat wave. A man called Bob was turning on our older brothers and sister to something happening, Mr Jones. All that Guitar B. Gary knew was that he wanted to play like Johnny B. Goode. He practiced and practiced like a son of a gunn, Peter.

Ten years ago, Gary B. Guitar decided to form a one man band named after a famous New Yawk folk/jazz club, The Village Vanguard. To make this story short, B. Guitar first performed political/social satire a la "Do the Pinochet," later switching to instrumental music via a fast mbaqanga train from the South African townships. The train recently did a grapevine back to B. Guitar's roots: Spain and Greece. Today, one can hear B. Guitar picking away old favorites like Dick Dale's Greek number, "Miserlou". B. Guitar usually plays quieter spots like The Delta of Venus. Sometimes Ms. Ninn's little birds sit on the windowsill and harmonize along.

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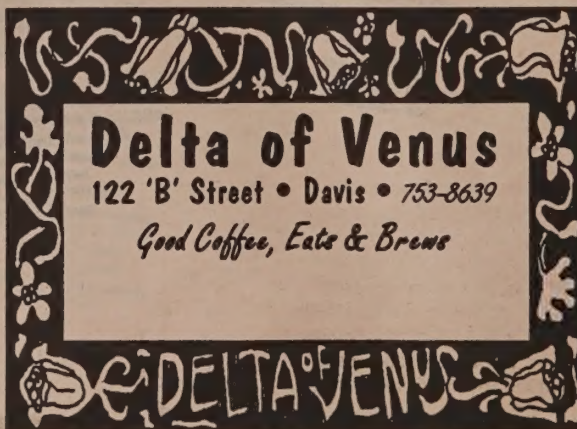
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BY SACRAMENTO CLUB KARIBEE

15 Things To Tell The DJ That Will Get Your Request Played On KDVS

by Geriatric

15. Say: "Don't you play everything? I thought this was a *College* Radio Station."
14. Point out you have big mean buddies on the Aggie Football Team.
13. Threaten to call up all the sponsors and complain about the station's neglect of the needs of the "average UCD student".
12. Always listen for shows with music most unlike the song you're requesting (eg. Folk or Jazz shows). This increases the probability that the DJ might not realize who G.G. Allin was.
11. Claim you'll commit suicide if she doesn't play the live version of Bela Lugosi's Dead".
10. Say your father is Chancellor Hullar and you will have the DJ fired if he doesn't play "Bitchin' Camaro".
9. Compare the DJ's taste in music to the odors emanating from the UCD Pig Barn on a hot August afternoon.
8. Claim you just heard this really groovy Erasure tune at Cafe Roma five times in the last three hours and can't get it out of your head.
7. Whine really loudly. And if that fails, use expletives.
6. Call up before turning on the radio and say you'll probably tune in if they play your request.
5. Inform the DJs that their reggae program is really beginning to drag and that playing Primus would "liven things up."
4. When your friend's band (or even better, your *own* band) has a new album out, call KDVS every three hours so they'll be certain to make the KDVS Top Ten.
3. Say that LIVE 105 always plays your requests and that KDVS should at *least* as "alternative".
2. Claim you're trying to set a Guinness Record by getting all the rock radio stations in the Sacramento area to simultaneously play "Stairway to Heaven".
1. Say: "Hi, I'm the new Vice-President of Alternative Marketing at Sire Records and if you don't play the new James CD, I'll cut off your station's payola."



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DE: DELTA OF VENUS

CD REVIEWS

by Hiram Jackson

Ferron, Not a Still Life (Cherrywood Station)

Ferron has a way of expressing personal experiences (especially of emotional loss) in a way that touches every listener regardless of gender or sexual orientation. The crafted literary quality of her lyrics and the very hummable melodies are enhanced by delivery that has the subtlety of great acting. These qualities come together on the Canadian singer-songwriter's most recent live album Not a Still Life, recorded from her 1992 performance at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco.

The rapt silence during each lyrical narrative and instant applause at the end could be the benefit of digital technology, but more believably is evidence of her ability to completely draw listeners into her performance. Her repartee with the audience is comfortable and spontaneous. Songs include a number of favorites, "Ain't Life a Brook" (recently covered by Greg Brown and Bill Morrissey), "Snowin' in Brooklyn," and "I Never Was to Africa." The previously unrecorded "Shady Gate" is a poignant narrative song about experiencing the breakup of a parents' marriage from the perspective of a child; the song defines another pinnacle in Ferron's body of work.

Ferron's successes on previous albums have more frequently come with the intimate accompaniment of acoustic guitar. Her use of conventional 3-piece bands and synthesizers have often drowned the poetic introspective quality of her lyrics and the quiet expression of her singing. By relying on the minimalist format of voice and acoustic guitar for the whole album, Ferron creates what is critically one of the best albums of the year. All lyrics are included in the liner notes. Length: 64'15" on 16 cuts. Not a Still Life is available from Ferron's label for \$15 (add \$2.50 P&H for mail order) at Cherrywood Station, PO Box 871, Vashon Island, WA 98070, tel. (206) 463-5892.

Stan Rogers, Home in Halifax (Fogarty's Cove)

Another notable Canadian singer-songwriter, Stan Rogers, died in a Cincinnati airline disaster ten years ago. One of his best albums, however, has just been released — a recording of a 1982 performance in Halifax, Nova Scotia. During a short but prolific career, Stan Rogers defined a folk tradition distinctly Canadian and particularly maritime.

The liner notes to Home in Halifax give complete lyrics, a little history of each band member, and background about the concert, which, to our benefit, was recorded clandestinely. The songs include a number of favorites — 45 Years, Mary Ellen Carter, and Barrett's Privateers. This will probably be regarded as the better of his two live albums (the other being Between the Breaks), due to anecdotes between songs, the program selection, and the better sound quality. A principle theme to most of the album's songs (and to most of his songs in general) is the life of the Canadian man, as sailor ("Free in the Harbour," "Bluenose," and "Make and Break Harbour"), farmer ("The Field Behind the Plow"), or worker ("Working Joe"). The CD has 13 songs for 64'03", and includes substantial dialogue between songs. If unavailable at your favorite CD store, try Fogarty's Cove Music, 23 Hillside Ave. S., Dundas, Ontario L9H 4H7, tel. (416) 627-9808.

All About Radio

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Eurailpasses Issued On-The-Spot!

It's easy to believe that alternative music in the Sacramento Valley is scarce. For that reason, the following retail outlets for your Bay Area pilgrimages (and include one of Davis' best kept secrets) and throw in some mail order businesses that will give you something to look forward to in the mail. There are numerous other fine businesses that I could not include here due to space and time limitations. What is listed here does **not** constitute an endorsement by KDVS or the University of California; they're only suggestions of the writers. So, if mainstream retail outlets seem humdrum to your ambitious musical tastes, I invite you to try out these out-of-the-ordinary retail and mail order outlets

The **CDealer** may not have the panache of major franchises, but the no-frills business more than compensates in price and selection. Many CD's are up to \$2 less than other retail stores, and comparatively generous store credit is given for CD trade-ins. The in-store selection includes a hodge-podge of the common and obscure displayed alphabetically in wooden crates on the floor--beware if you have delicate knees! On the other hand the catalog selection is very extensive. Orders for most U.S. labels are available within a week to 10 days, and up to several weeks for imports. If you're a budget-minded enthusiast, this is the place! Located at 624 4th St. in Davis (916) 758-4639, its hours are noon to 10 p.m., Sat. through Thurs.

Topic Records is a British mail order company that carries its own labels (Topic, Special Delivery, and Indigo) in addition to numerous small folk/roots labels from the U.K. and Europe that are often impossible to find in most retail stores. The few U.S. labels are generally easy to come by locally (e.g., Rounder, Rykodisc, Green Linnet). Labels of special note are Hokey Pokey (for fans of Fairport Convention), Cooking Vinyl, Rogue, and Tara (for Clannad fans). As with Roundup, descriptions of the music are non-existent. Direct Distribution, 50 Stroud Green Road, London N4 3EF, tel. 071 281 3465, fax: 071 281 5671.

Down Home Records is a retail store specializing in folk, roots, and international musics. They have a large selection of LP's and stock a respectable quantity of magazines and imported labels. Two CD players are available for listening to their selection. The major down side is that prices can be uncomfortably high. Their affiliate record label is Arhoolie, and mail order business is Roots & Rhythm. Address: 6921 Stockton Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530, tel: (510) 525-1494.

Festival Records is the mail order division of the folk/roots label, Aural Traditions, which is the self-described 'house label' of the Vancouver Folk Music Festival. The catalog selection is interesting for the numerous one to two title record labels, the Canadian folk artists (e.g., Stan Rogers), and even Latin American labels (Discos Fuentes & Discos Pentagrama). Canadian artists are marked with a small maple leaf in the listings. Some newer releases, especially on the Aural Traditions label, are featured in a color display and description of the album. Address: 3271 Main St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V5V 3M6, Tel.: (604) 879-2931, Fax: (604) 879-4315

Fast Folk is a New York-based non-profit musicians' co-operative that releases ten compilation CD's per year of live and studio performances of the various member musicians. Suzanne Vega, Christine Lavin, John Gorka, and many others have been involved with Fast Folk during the formative period of their careers. Each CD comes with an 8-page magazine with all of the printed lyrics and a blurb about each artist on the CD. The subscription price is a bit steep (\$100/year) given that some CD issues may not be so interesting. Other issues can be collector's gems. Of interest to fans of acoustic singer-songwriter genre. Address: P.O. Box 938, Village Stn, New York, NY 10014, tel: (212) 274-1636.

Allegro Imports specializes in import labels of classical, jazz, and ethnic/international music. Of particular interest to this writer is the international music which includes labels from France not often found in retail outlets. Address: 12630 N.E. Marx St., Portland, Oregon 97230-1059, tel.: (800) 288-2007.

Dirty Linen is an informative bi-monthly magazine dedicated to folk, electric folk, roots, and world musics. It is loaded with short reviews, which are descriptive though not necessarily very critical, of recordings from small and independent labels. Each issue has news and about 3 feature articles on an artist or group of current interest. A year-long subscription is \$18 dollars, and individual issues are available at the Newsbeat (in Davis) and Tower Books. Address: P.O. Box 66600, Baltimore, MD 21239-6600, tel.: (410) 583-7973, fax: (410) 337-6735.

Roundup Records is the catalog order division affiliated Rounder Records. Their catalog is a general compendium of available titles in the genres of blues, folk, ethnic, and international roots music. Most small domestic, some import, and selected major domestic labels are included. In addition to CD's and cassettes, their inventory includes LP's, books, T-shirts, videos, and magazines. Because there is no description of the kind of music on each recording, you have to have some idea what you're getting, or else be willing to take a risk. Prices are generally the same as at a retail outlet, but selection is much broader. Address: P.O. Box 154, Cambridge, MA 02140-0900, Tel: (800) 44-DISCS.

If you have any questions about where to obtain that rare recording, write to us c/o KDVS, 14 Lower Freeborn Hall, University of California, Davis, CA 95616.

WoMAD cont'd.

Together though we are determined to enjoy some of the unsung, non-headliner talent at WOMAD. So we head to Stage 3 to see Ugandan singer-songwriter Geoffrey Oryema.

Unfortunately, Stage 3 sits next to FUTURE ZONE, "a virtual village" sponsored by Apple Computer. The Future Zone sound system intrudes so badly on Stage 3's modest speaker stacks that it's no contest.

Oryema leaves the stage in disgust after just one song and I seriously reconsider my inclination to buy a Macintosh. We wish our friends luck in their journey to Stage 2 and decide to plow back towards the main stage and claim some real estate for the duration and the headliners.

Maneuvering our way back towards the north bleachers, we're back in the crush. Just before we reach the stands, I notice a lady of about 60 behind some sort of petition table. Considering the

mayhem of bodies, she has a most serene look on her face. Just then I feel myself being pinned against the table.

"Whoa!, let's not hurt anyone", a cheerful voice calls out from somewhere over the din.

I turn and I'm right between the table and a long narrow wheelbarrow like contraption. About ten people are pushing this human powered limousine. I look about two feet up and there making sure I'm not sandwiched is a smiling Wavy Gravy.

We find an unobstructed view on the top level of the bleachers just upwind of a now heavily taxed portapotty row. It's as good a spot as any to see the Stereo MCs and then Ziggy Marley. There's now a seat row even higher than ours. Spectators are sitting on top of the portapotties, crushing down their soft plastic roofs. Ugh.

"Is that guy with the short dark hair and the suit Peter Gabriel?", a

woman in the stands asks.

I recoil from my binoculars and reply dryly, "That guy is Sinead".

Hearty laughter is heard from her girlfriends so I know it's quite alright for me to chuckle too.

With the last flourish of "Sledgehammer", we head for the gates and let the encore "Your Eyes" serenade us on the way out.

"WOMAD t-shirts! Ten dollars!", the broker calls out the number like a plummeting stock price.

"What the hell.", I say, reaching for my wallet, "It's only ten bucks."

Jeffrey Fekete is a DJ at KDVS and now owns a WOMAD T-shirt.

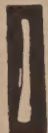


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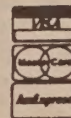


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**None of us really like beer; we just drink it to
get pissed.**

William Reid, Jesus and Mary Chain

Vinyl Hallucinations

By Karl Ikola

Record hunting is a strange pursuit. In the late 80s -- the years I call "the golden years" (don't laugh too hard -- I'm talking one shred of gold fiber here -- fragments of psychic hope if you will -- in every other respect this period of my life blew bigtime), specifically the years '86 to '89; excellent condition vinyl was in abundance as CD nerds dumped their supposedly obsolete wax for whatever scant pennies the merchant of their choice would dole out to them. During this period, vinyl's imminent scarcity was evident to a few polyvinyl chloride mainliners (we inject direct, man) plowing hour after lonely hour through bins in search of their personal holy wax tablet. In the "golden years", I found such records as the Holy Modal Rounders' *Moray Eels* LP in near mint shape for two bucks, Captain Beefheart's first single on A+M from 1966, "Diddy Wah Diddy"/"Who Do You Think You're Fooling", for a buck, various ESP-disk titles--the list goes on. Of course, people like my friend Frank Uhle in Michigan operate on a higher plane of collectordom -- he has been scouring flea markets and thrift stores since the late '70s for 60s punk and soul and R+B 45s and has amassed tens of thousands of discs which will remain forever out of my reach. But I've scored enough stuff to keep me going, and there's no reason for me or anyone else to give up or assume vinyl is dead. Read on and taste the salty deposits of my sweaty late night delirium and elusive dreams of hidden islands of sonic sanctuary lying in the grooves of any record that I NEED but just can't find....Yet!

The reason "the golden years" are now over is that a higher percentage of used vinyl is in increasingly deteriorated condition. Also, merchants are now accustomed to charging premium (sometimes fucking laughable) prices. Just go to the moldy funeral home in Sacramento known unofficially as "K-street Records" and leer at their museum of mostly beat to shit records begging \$20 to \$40 prices. It's pathetic to see the owners of the store smoking and gazing at a meaninglessly scrambled image on their TV set across the dungeon's mustiness -- surely their dreams are long since dead.

Despite the artificially inflated "museum rates" at such places, a few vibrant stores exist that are worth checking out.

While not quite "vibrant", Esoteric Records (1716 Broadway, Sacto. 442-4858) is still known to contain the occasional gem -- usually their best buys are the most obscure, i.e., the Broadway store is selling fairly fried copies of the first two 13th Floor Elevators LPs for 40 bucks a piece, while I picked up the obscure and brilliant Mij LP (1969 ESP-disk "space-folk" release -- reverb-laden twelve string guitar and twisted vocals used to

intoxicating effect) for a scant five-spot. The Beat's vinyl supply is large but stagnant and relatively picked clean -- but you never know. Probably the most pleasing experience I've had record shopping in Sacramento recently is at Record Heaven (2608 Watt, Sacto. 483-1986). A stereo pawnshop/record store in the tradition of the various "Top Cash Paid" record stores I used to frequent in Southern California (when I used to bug the shit out of one of the "proprietors" of said establishment in Costa Mesa), Record Heaven has a lot of used LPs, as well as a small but off-beat stock of used 45s. The records vary widely in condition, but are priced cheaply -- sometimes inconsistently -- but how nice to find an excellent condition/copy of the first Moby Grape LP for four dollars instead of paying seventeen bucks for an import CD. The key to Record Heaven is their listening turntable. You can check out titles that you've "seen a lot but never heard" as well as check condition (visual inspection is not always consistent with playability -- many shiny, unscratched records are merely professionally cleaned copies of records that were ruined years ago with a bad needle, while dusty records with surface marks that don't affect play are the true finds). Record Heaven may not be consistent in their stock, but its unpredictability makes it a fun place to peruse.

Unsolicited Philosophical Interjection #247:

For all my advocacy of vinyl -- I admit to owning a CD player and a few (not) CDs as well. Simply because new music is generally only sporadically released on vinyl (not discounting the now waning indie seven inch boom) and ultra rare titles that I will never in my life find in their original form are being reissued on CD. Most significant in this category is the 1993 reissue of the legendary Dutch band the Outsiders' 1968 LP *CQ* -- supposedly withdrawn by Dutch Polydor upon release after only 300 or so copies had escaped (Okay -- so it was reissued about ten years ago on vinyl -- I never saw that either). The difference in my perspective from most individuals brainwashed by the record industry's profit hungry and unfortunately quite successful marketing ploy to get people to rebuy their entire record collections at many times the cost they originally paid (talk about suffocatingly narrow visions) is that I see CDs as a supplement to vinyl, not a replacement. Vintage vinyl 45s simply sound like nothing else, and have an identity separate from other mediums. Likewise, LPs offer a unique conceptual presentation of music (i.e., larger cover art, two sides, etchings, reverse mastering (record plays from the inside out), locked grooves, separate/parallel tracks etc.), the grooves themselves are more accessible and tangible than digitally encoded information, and no matter how "accurate" that information is claimed to be -- it still isn't the same thing. And records still sound real if

mastered and pressed properly and treated with care by the user.

Return to the Hunt

The Bay Area has a whole sea of record stores worth checking out -- a few I frequent that I can recommend:

Epicenter Zone (475 Valencia, the Mission, SF (415) 431-2725)

A nonprofit record store operated by Maximum Rock-Roll "kingpin", Tim Yohannon, and on the same floor space as the related (but separate) Blacklist Mailorder, Epicenter carries virtually no major label releases, has the largest selection of punk/indie singles anywhere and carries the nearly undistributable independent twelve inch LP as well -- in abundance. Perhaps the "truest" punk store in existence -- the staff are all volunteers and the sometimes disorganized inventory is sold at costs often barely above wholesale. Singles are \$2 to \$4 and LPs are \$4 to \$12 depending on the source. They also stock an interesting assortment of CDs, fanzines, have a spiffy display wall of out of print "museum priced" collectable records as well as a bathroom and a reading library -- simply put -- worth setting aside an afternoon for. Hours are skewed, the store is closed Mondays and is open other days generally from about 1PM to 8PM.

Aquarius Records (3961 24th St., Noe Valley, SF (415) 647-2272)

A small store with excellent taste in current independent records. Several of the clerks are Kiwiphiles (fans of New Zealand music) and they often carry some records you don't see anywhere else, along with reasonably priced more widely available independents. Staff is friendly and open to playing music at the customer's request.

Record Finder (258 Noe St., SF (415) 431-4443)

Here's a store which can be frustrating in its often over priced new stock (and kinda snooty staff) but exhilarating in its tendency to have used items unseen this side of Tibet. I found the privately pressed red vinyl 1981 debut twelve inch by Green on Red there for seven bucks, as well as the 1981 LP *Trap Sampler* for about the same price (a record which includes early Wipers and Pell Mell tracks), ditto the Exploding Budgies (pre-3ds/Goblin Mix) EP from 1986. In short, if you skip Record Finder on your weekly or monthly record run, you'll always wonder what you missed.

Jack's Record Cellar (254 Scott at Page, SF (415) 431-4443)

Notable partially just because former Flamin' Groovies frontman Roy Loney works behind the counter, this store carries only vinyl -- mostly rockabilly, r+b, blues, jazz, folk and 50s and 60s rock, and a few good indie singles as well. Their inventory has sadly seemed to have shrunken the last few years but it's still worth a visit.

Village Music (9 E. Blithedale Av. Mill Valley (415) 388-7400)

One of the largest inventories of vinyl in the Bay Area, this store is a marathon dig and has plenty of wax in most every category except for new releases; they even have 78s--yikes!. If you are the curious "open to anything" peruser, you need to set aside an afternoon for this place. The Mill Valley Market deli down the street is a must for lunch as well.

Mod Lang (2136 University Av. Berkeley (510) 486-1880) Named after a cut on Big Star's *Radio City* LP, and predominantly a haven for the hipster/anglophile leaning towards the mainstream types, Mod Lang stocks new, used and collectable records and CDs. This place has surprised me with its small stock of obscure 60s garage comps, hard to find CD reissues of psych/prog/weirdo late 60s early 70s records, as well as a thoroughly stocked, well organized indie seven inch selection. A fun 30 minute perusal is usually enough to get the gist of their stock.

Amoeba Music (2455 Telegraph Av. Berkeley (510) 549-1125)

The Monster of the East Bay. Amoeba is the store where you can literally drown for an entire day in endless piles of records and CDs. Anything and everything can and will turn up there. Their experimental music section and indie seven and twelve inch vinyl selection are what really make them stand out-- not that they do a bad job with any of the genre's that they stock. Prices are average to good (i.e. not too high to keep you from buying something but not as low as the non-profit Epicenter Zone). My polyvinyl chloride shooting gallery of choice. (OK, they sponsor KDVS too, so I'm biased -- you still gotta check 'em out).

Enough Already

Finally, if you want to save gas, avoid harming the environment with your selfish auto emissions, etc., you may want to imbibe your recs by mail.

Forced Exposure (PO Box 9102 Waltham MA 02254) The penultimate catalog of obscure private releases, improvisational/experimental records and CDs, and limited reissues of the 60s and 70s rarest releases. FE is also a record label and (originally only and now infrequently published) magazine of high quality and widespread influence. They just issued Keiji Haino's (legendary Tokyo underground musician active since the early 70s, who currently fronts the incredible trio Fushitsusha) first US release. They are also the U.S. label for one time Davis resident Simon Wickham-Smith's projects with his pal and fellow Englishman Richard Youngs. Their service is speedy and their catalog is free (and almost a real zine in its own right). Essential.

AJAX Mailorder (PO Box 805293, Chicago IL 60680) The home of the indie seven inch boom. Great prices and service for indie releases from the U.S., N.Z. and



Vinyl Hallucinations cont'd.

elsewhere. Ajax keeps threatening to stop its mailorder business and focus on its record releases exclusively, but so far that hasn't happened. Just about the only distributor which carries releases by the (personal favorite) uncompromising Finnish independent label Bad Vugum (named after a line in Beefheart's "Sue Egypt"; remember that copy of "Diddy Wah Diddy" I mentioned back at the beginning of this here article? See, it all comes full circle eventually). Send a couple stamps for catalog.

Metro Music (PO Box 10004, Silver Springs MD 20904) Huge (about 5000 titles) list of new indie LPs and CDs, as well as 60s and 70s reissues and (their specialty) out of print 60s LPs and 45s. Prices vary, but you can find things here you won't almost anywhere else.

Well, I'm exhausted now as I imagine you will be too if you choose to follow this spiraling path toward your feverish descent into record collector's HELL. Happy huntin'. Keep your needle clean.

How many times has your heart been broken?

It's shattered. It's been broken too many times.

Do you remember your first kiss?

Yeah, I do. He was wearing Brut after-shave. I love the smell of Brut.

Awwww, I should have worn some.

You would have gotten an immediate snog. I would have been like a guppy. You'd need a crowbar to get me off. I love Brut. That was my first B-movie snog. I was about fourteen, I guess. He was very tall, huge. I can't remember his name. I met him at a disco, the first disco I ever went to, called the West Cliff.

Is It Worth It?

by the pirate

Very rarely does a KDVS DJ stay at KDVS for 3 straight years. I am fortunate to have been able to juggle my schedule enough to keep on the 90.3 frequency for this amount of time and plan on many more years behind a microphone in the wee hours of the morning. Why? Because I love the music I play which is metal, punk thrash and hardcore. Unfortunately the record industry has left a sour taste in my mouth and I am feeling a bit burned on the music that spoke to me and my frustration with things I see in the world. Let me explain.

It is no secret that a successful band in any music genre can make a buttload of cash playing tunes for the masses. This is not new knowledge to most of us. One thing I did learn by working here at KDVS is exactly how much money is poured into bands in most genres in the hopes of a huge profit. We saw what one damn song did for Nirvana, we've seen what the so called "Seattle Scene" has done for Pearl Jam and believe it or not, even so called "Punk" is making its own little come back and the industry is hoping it can cash in on nostalgia and "teenage angst" (refer to Nirvana's latest release for reference). Still, to anyone involved just a little in music, this is nothing new. What does surprise me is the fact that bands (or more precisely, their labels) that could never sell 1 million copies of a record send us "gifts" with the hopes we will play their songs on our radio station.

Now to the average person, it sounds like a simple promotional tactic, but take the total number of college stations (more than 1000) and the number of commercial stations (^\$#*%@!!!!) and what you have is one hell of a lot of T-shirts

going out to a hell of a lot of DJ's who probably aren't going to play your record anyway. Now add advertising, promotion, phone bills, personel, smoozing and all the other crap and what you have is a pile of cash and work hours spent on a chance that you have the next "Smells Like Smash Hit" on your hands. Plus, your band is competing with the release of the new U2 album called "More Cash for Us" for the and consumer dollar. IS THEIR REALLY THAT MUCH MONEY TO GO AROUND FOR ALL THESE BANDS TO BE DOING THIS!?

Yes.

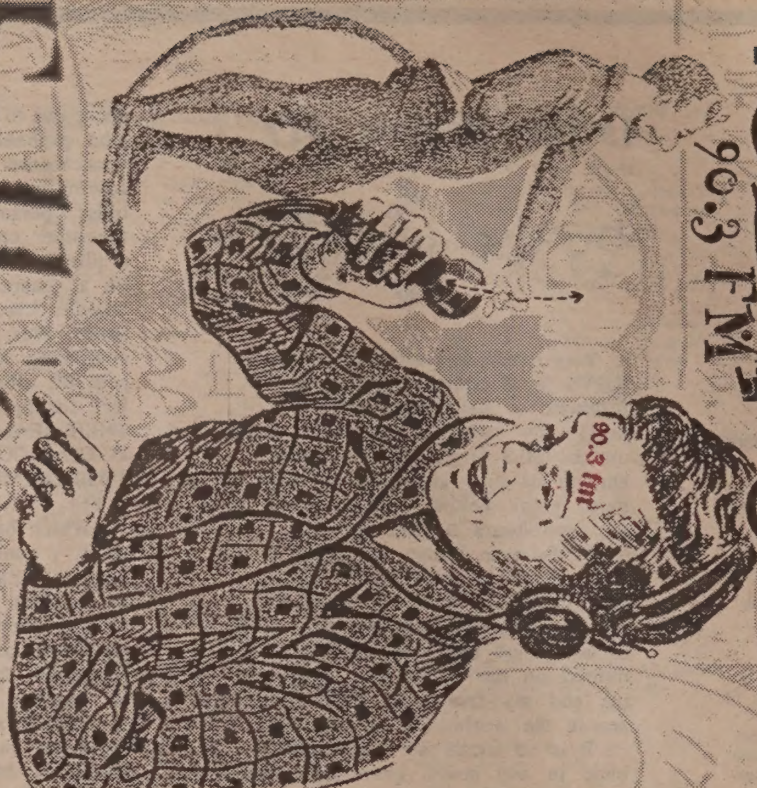
Which brings me back to the metal, punk thing. Metallica sold acouple million copies of what I felt to be their worst album ever because they got the MTV rotation necessary to make people remember their songs. Now bands are getting large amounts of money to produce stuff that taps into that "teenage angst" that Nirvana speaks of. Metallica did it, and maybe Biohazard-Slayer-Quicksand-Bad Religion-L7-Rage Against the Machine could all do the same. It makes me warm inside to hear that a certain label lost some serious money on Helmet. They sell the kids of Amerikkka a style, an image in a point in time when everything is falling apart and nobody seems to have any answers. It is a generation with an identity crisis and all this money is being spent to help them get one even if it is destructive and anti-social.

So I guess I will continue to help the kids along, feeding them what they ask for but hopefully point them away from some of the stuff I see as run of the mill, money-making machines. That doesn't mean I won't play Slayer, I just means I'll grimace at their latest release, call them sell outs and pretend to hate them now. Secretly, when I am alone, I will listen to them and be thankful they have better production on the new album.

BEEP

PRO-GRAM GUIDE

FALL 93



KID 90.3 FM



There's A Word For Craftsmanship

This Advanced.Ye^eee^eEE^EOO

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